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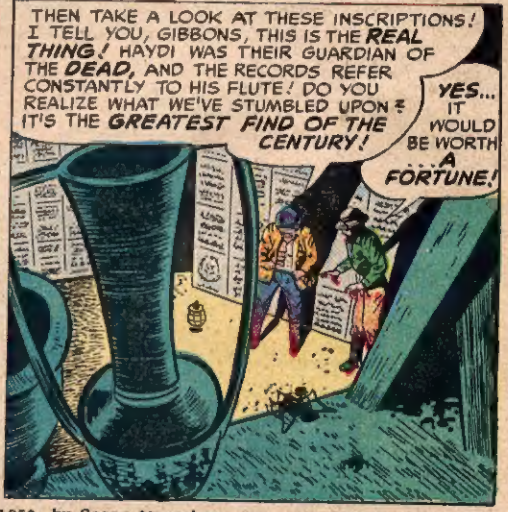
USE COUPON ABOVE

USE COUPON ABOVE

MUSIC FOR THE DEAD



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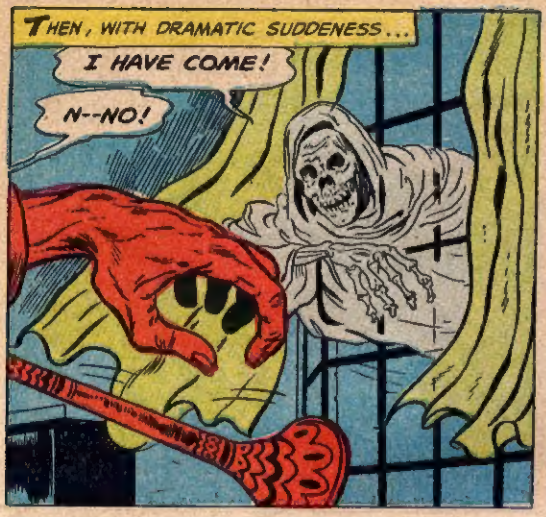
NO QUESTION ABOUT THAT! A PRIVATE COLLECTOR WOULD PAY THOUSANDS, BUT NATURALLY IT WILL GO TO THE MUSEUM! THEY'LL BE PROUD OF US, GIBBONS!
YES--BUT I WANT MORE THAN THAT!
THUD!
OH-HHH!
THE FOOL! MAYBE HE WOULD PASS UP A FORTUNE, BUT NOT ME! I'LL SIMPLY REPORT HIS DEATH DUE TO A CAVE-IN, RETURN TO THE STATES, AND THEN DISPOSE OF THE FLUTE THROUGH THE PROPER CHANNELS--AND TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER!
SEVERAL WEEKS LATER, AT A NEW YORK PIER...
POOR BLAKE! THE NEWS WAS A TERRIBLE BLOW TO ALL OF US AT THE MUSEUM! HAVING TO BRING HIS BODY BACK THIS WAY MUST HAVE TOUCHED YOU DEEPLY!
WORDS COULDN'T DESCRIBE IT, SIR! I LOVED THAT MAN--JUST LIKE A FATHER!
I KNOW, GIBBONS! THAT'S WHY THE MUSEUM'S DIRECTORS HAVE NAMED YOU TO SUCCEED HIM AS HEAD ARCHEOLOGIST! WE FELT POOR BLAKE WOULD HAVE WANTED IT THIS WAY!
IT'S A GREAT HONOR, SIR!
THAT NIGHT, IN GIBBONS' APARTMENT...
IT COULDN'T BE MORE PERFECT! NOT ONLY DO I HAVE THE FLUTE, BUT BLAKE'S POSITION AS WELL! HIS REWARD WAS DEATH--MINE WILL BE FAME AND FORTUNE!
WITH A GLOW OF SMUG SATISFACTION, GIBBONS SEATS HIMSELF IN A COMFORTABLE CHAIR... ABSENTLY, HE RAISES THE FLUTE TO HIS LIPS AND PIPES A WHISTLING TUNE...
2

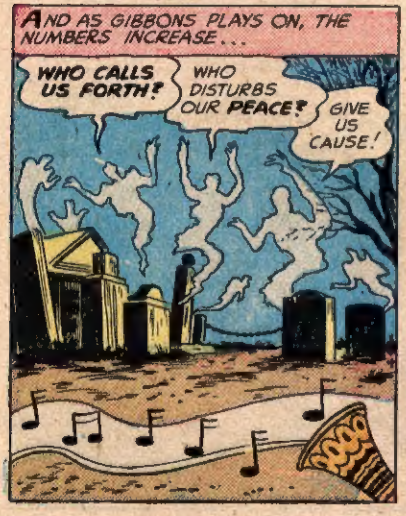

THEN, WITH DRAMATIC SUDDENESS...
I HAVE COME!
N--NO!

WHO ARE YOU? W-WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I AM HOJA, MESSENGER TO HAYDI--WHOSE SACRED FLUTE YOU NOW POSSESS! IT PLAYS THE MUSIC OF THE DEAD--AND ALL THOSE WHO LIE BENEATH THE EARTH ARE YOURS TO CALL! SUMMON AND THEY WILL COME! ALL GRAVES STIR WHEN HAYDI'S FLUTE FILLS THE AIR!

THE SECRETS OF THE DEAD ARE YOURS! AND NOW I MUST GO... FAREWELL!
SECRETS OF THE DEAD! IMPOSSIBLE!

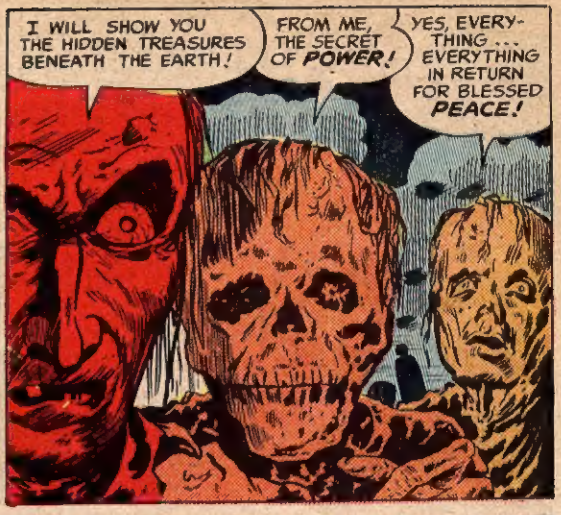
AND YET... WHY NOT? THAT CREEP WHO CALLED HIMSELF HOJA! HE WASN'T ANYTHING ALIVE, AND STILL HE SPOKE TO ME! MAYBE THERE IS SOMETHING TO THIS! WHY SHOULDN'T I GIVE IT A TRY?

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, ABOVE A CRUMBLING GRAVESTONE, GIBBONS MAKES HIS TEST...
THE MUSIC STIRS MY EARTHEN BED, I JOIN THE ONE WHO CALLS THE DEAD!

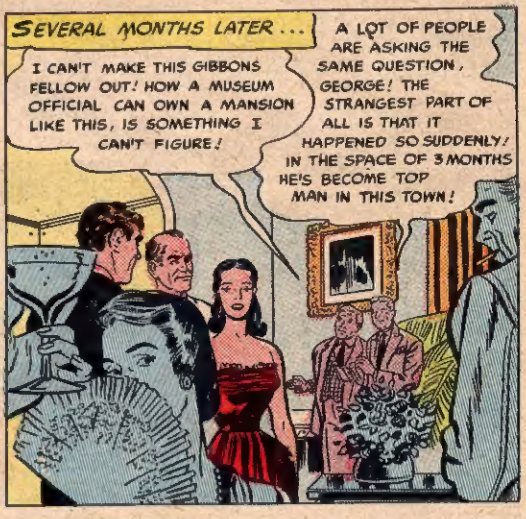

AND AS GIBBONS PLAYS ON, THE NUMBERS INCREASE...
WHO CALLS US FORTH?
WHO DISTURBS OUR PEACE?
GIVE US CAUSE!

I CALL YOU FORTH, AND I WILL LEARN YOUR SECRETS! YOU WILL TELL ME ALL I WISH TO KNOW--REVEAL EVERYTHING, OR THROUGH THE POWER OF HAYDI'S FLUTE, YOU SHALL NEVER FIND PEACE AGAIN!
3

YOU CAN HAVE MY SECRET! IN LIFE I WAS A MISER, AND HID AWAY A HUGE FORTUNE IN GOLD AND JEWELS! I WILL REVEAL THE HIDING PLACE -- ONLY RESTORE TO ME MY PEACE!
I WAS A SCHOLAR! TO YOU I WILL IMPART MY KNOWLEDGE!


I WILL SHOW YOU THE HIDDEN TREASURES BENEATH THE EARTH!
FROM ME, THE SECRET OF POWER!
YES, EVERYTHING ... EVERYTHING IN RETURN FOR BLESSED PEACE!

YOU WILL HAVE YOUR REST, BUT NOT BEFORE YOUR PROMISES HAVE COME TO PASS! I WANT WEALTH, KNOWLEDGE, POWER! WITH THEM, I SHALL RULE ALL MEN!


SEVERAL MONTHS LATER ...
I CAN'T MAKE THIS GIBBONS FELLOW OUT! HOW A MUSEUM OFFICIAL CAN OWN A MANSION LIKE THIS, IS SOMETHING I CAN'T FIGURE!
A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE ASKING THE SAME QUESTION, GEORGE! THE STRANGEST PART OF ALL IS THAT IT HAPPENED SO SUDDENLY! IN THE SPACE OF 3 MONTHS HE'S BECOME TOP MAN IN THIS TOWN!

MARCIA WAS INSISTENT THAT SHE MEET YOU! SHE ONLY ARRIVED IN TOWN A FEW DAYS AGO!
BUT EVEN IN THAT SHORT TIME I'VE HEARD OF YOUR ASTOUNDING SUCCESS! YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF PEOPLE GUESSING, MR. GIBBONS!

AND THEY'LL GO ON GUESSING! I SUPPOSE EVERYONE HAS THEIR SECRET OR TWO, AND I'M NOT WITHOUT MINE!
HOW TRUE! PERHAPS SOME DAY WE MAY EXCHANGE SECRETS!

YOU MAKE IT SOUND VERY INTERESTING! I HOPE WE'LL BECOME FRIENDS!.
THAT'S UP TO YOU, MR. GIBBONS! FRIENDSHIP CALLS FOR MUTUAL TRUST, AND THAT MEANS THERE CAN BE NOTHING HIDDEN BETWEEN US!

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER...
I CAN'T FIGURE YOU OUT, MARCIA! DURING THESE PAST FEW WEEKS, I'VE PAID YOU MORE ATTENTION THAN ANY WOMAN I'LL EVER KNOW! I'VE SHOWERED YOU WITH GIFTS! CAN'T YOU SEE HOW I FEEL ABOUT YOU? I LOVE YOU, MARCIA... I WANT TO MARRY YOU!
I'LL NEVER MARRY YOU AS THINGS STAND!
YOUR GIFTS NEVER MEANT ANYTHING TO ME, NOR YOUR WEALTH! I THOUGHT YOU WERE A MAN OF POWER, BUT YOU'RE A BUNDLE OF LIVING FEAR! I CAN SEE IT IN YOUR EYES, EVERY MOVE YOU MAKE! WHAT ARE YOU HIDING?
NOTHING! I HAVE POWER! I FEAR NO ONE!
MARCIA! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
AS FAR AWAY FROM A COWARD AS I CAN GET!
BUT SHORTLY AFTER MARCIA RETURNS TO HER HOTEL...
IT'S ME, MARCIA! I MUST SEE YOU!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
I'LL PROVE TO YOU THAT I HAVE POWER... MORE POWER THAN ANYONE! IT'S HERE! HERE IN THIS FLUTE!
IN THAT? YOU MUST BE MAD!
NOT MAD, MY DEAR MARCIA! THIS IS THE SACRED FLUTE OF HAYOI! THROUGH THIS INSTRUMENT I HAVE SUMMONED THE DEAD, LEARNED THEIR SECRETS, GAINED POWER AND WEALTH! I TOOK IT AT THE PRICE OF BLOOD, BUT I HAVE NEVER REGRETTED IT! NOW IT SHALL BELONG TO BOTH OF US! WE SHALL SHARE ITS POWER TOGETHER!
NO USE TRYING IT--IT WON'T WORK HERE! IT MUST BE PLAYED OVER THE EARTHLY REMAINS OF SOME DEAD PERSON!
5

SUDDENLY...
THAT URN! SOMETHING'S COMING OUT OF IT! IT'S S--SOME KIND OF SPIRIT!
BLAKE! N--NO!
YES, GIBBONS! THE ASHES OF MY EARTHLY REMAINS REST IN THAT URN! THE SACRED FLUTE OF HAYDI HAS BROUGHT ME FORTH--TO REAP REVENGE AGAINST MY MURDERER!
NO, BLAKE! MERCY... MERCY!
AI-EEEE!
MOMENTS LATER...
HE IS DEAD--I AM AVENGED!
YES, FATHER! I--I NEVER BELIEVED YOUR DEATH WAS AN ACCIDENT--AND I WAS RIGHT!
6
AND NOW I MUST GO--BUT THIS TIME TO ETERNAL REST! FAREWELL, MY CHILD... FAREWELL!
GOODBYE--FATHER--
THEN, GENTLY, MARCIA PLACES THE FLUTE WITHIN THE FLAMING HEARTH...
PEACE AND ETERNAL REST TO ALL OF THEM! THE FLUTE OF HAYDI MUST NEVER DISTURB THEIR SLEEP AGAIN--NOT FOR ALL ETERNITY!
THE END

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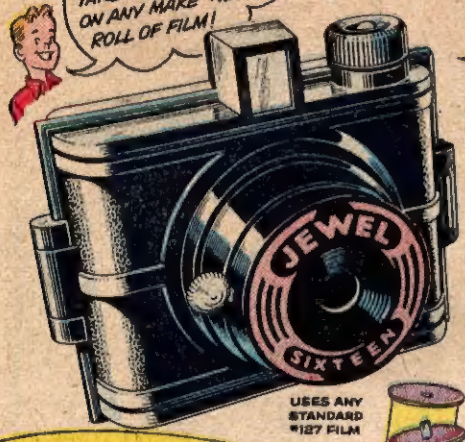

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ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

AT YOUR Favorite NEWSSTAND

HOTEL HORROR

AFTER THREE WEEKS on a special assignment, Detective Joe Hollis had discovered nothing. It was true that everything about the gloomy old place was odd, even creepy, but he couldn't put his finger on anything specific.

Almost twenty people had disappeared during the past year whose last address had been this little hotel in the heart of midtown Manhattan. He had been ordered to take up residence there incognito, and to get to the bottom of the strange mystery.

Almost immediately he noticed that an extraordinary number of orientals checked in and out. The hotel owners themselves were from India, quite peculiar people, not given to friendly conversation.

But the person who interested him most was the girl in the room next to his, a bewitchingly beautiful young oriental with dark, mysterious eyes and a strangely remote manner.

Many times he had tried to strike up an acquaintance with her, but each time she had firmly put him in his place. What astonished him most was that the girl was often in her room for days on end without ever leaving, and as far as he could tell no food of any kind was sent up to her.

Her few visitors were usually Indians like herself, but occasionally there were other guests. Not long before a queer thought had struck him. Offhand, it seemed that more people entered her room than *left* it! He couldn't be sure; perhaps there was another exit to the room. But he was determined to find out. Somehow he felt that she was in some way connected with the ghastly mystery, incredible as that seemed.

He waited patiently for the right time. Then, watching her leave the hotel in the early evening, and since nobody was about in the corridors, he let himself into her room with a passkey.

It was an amazing room, entirely bare except for a thick layer of *sand* strewn across the floor and a large potted tree in the center, whose thick branches were flattened against the ceiling. That was all, except for a complete female wardrobe in the closet.

He scratched his head in astonishment as an incredible idea came to him. "That tree," he thought. "What's it for? And the sand on the floor...you'd almost think a *snake* was living in this room!"

At that moment his head shot round, for the doorhandle had turned! Instantly his hand darted to his gun holster. The beautiful girl was already inside, her delicate lips curled in an expression of rage.

"Leave this room!" she hissed. "At once!"

"Not until I find out what's going on, sister," he snapped back. "What's all this about? How come there's no regular furniture in here, no bed, no..."

The words died in his throat as a shock of terror swept over him. For as he stood petrified, the girl was *changing*...into a full-sized *cobra!*

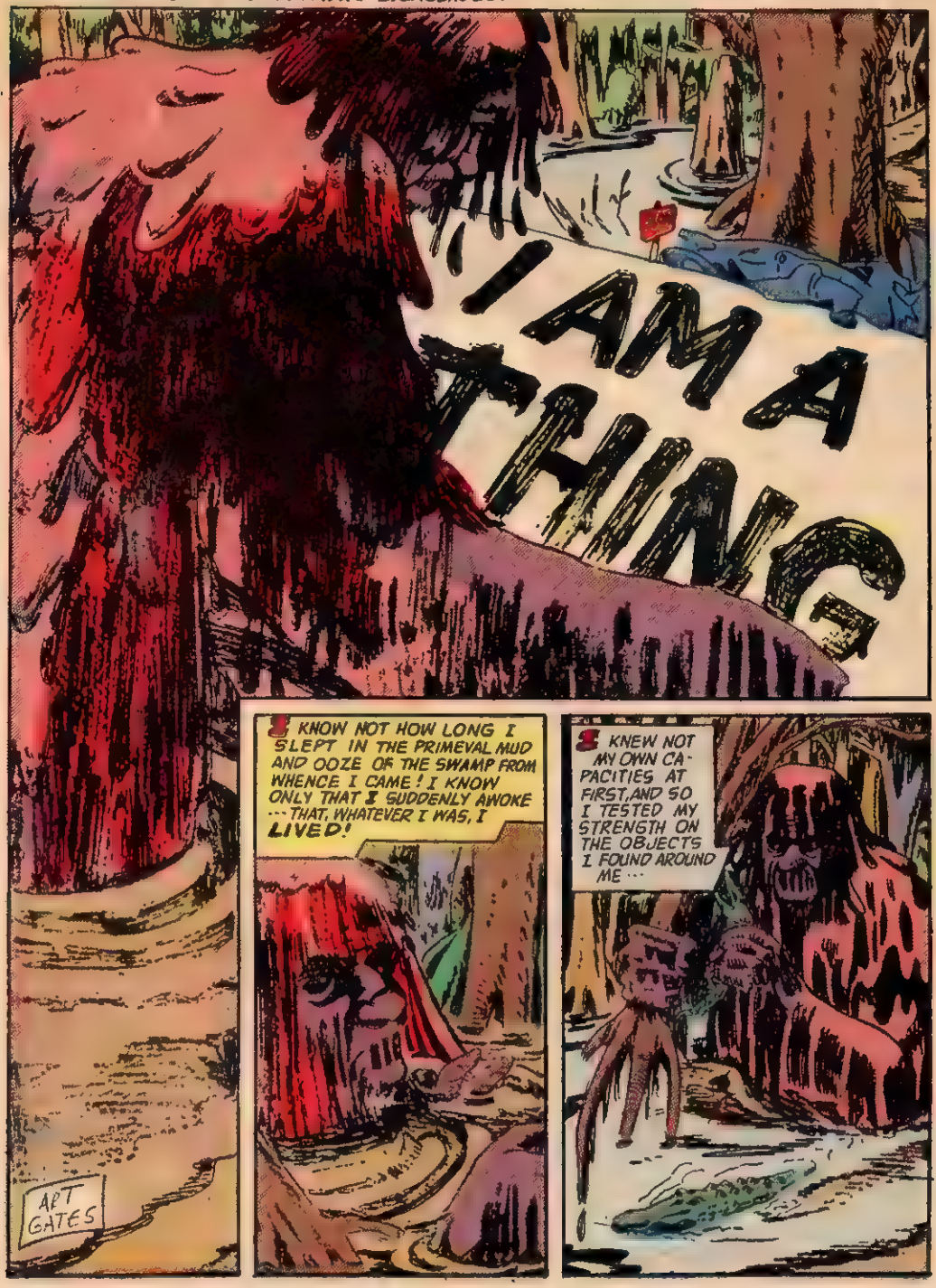
He never had a chance to fire his gun, for the serpent struck with lightning speed, its leathery coils chocking off his breath, making the room spin before his eyes.

"Couldn't you guess?" a weird female voice hissed into his ear. "I *sleep* in that tree...when I am like *this!* Many of us in this hotel belong to an ancient Indian cult, which you westerners call mere superstition! Thus, you make our work easy!"

The young detective's knees gave way, and everything grew swiftly darker. He could barely hear her now as the voice became little more than a serpent's hiss.

"How could the police suspect the truth of what goes on in this hotel," he heard as from far away, "when our victims never leave behind remains?"

IT'S TRUE THAT THE STRANGE CREATURES OF THE DREAD **UNKNOWN** FILL HUMANS WITH HORROR AND LOATHING! BUT DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK WHAT MIGHT GO ON IN THE MIND OF THE SUPERNATURAL BEING ITSELF WHEN IT SEES HOW **YOU** REACT TO **IT**? HERE'S THE TENSE STORY OF A WEIRD BEING FROM THE WORLD OF SHADOWS ··· A **THING** ··· AND THE EERIE MESSAGE WHICH IT SCRAWLED FOR ALL HUMANKIND TO SEE ON A ROAD IN THE HEART OF THE BIG CYPRESS SWAMP OF FLORIDA'S EVERGLADES!



BUT SUCH PASTIMES SOON CEASED TO AMUSE ME, AND I SET FORTH TO EXPLORE THE WORLD IN WHICH I FOUND MYSELF! IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE I CHANCED ON A CURIOUS WHITE RIBBON WINDING THROUGH THE SWAMP, AND AN EVEN STRANGER OBJECT SPEEDING ALONG THAT RIBBON---
GOOD HEAVENS ---WHAT'S THAT?
IT---IT'S LIKE A THING FROM ANOTHER WORLD!
CURIOUS AT THE HIGH, SQUEAKING NOISES COMING FROM THE OBJECT, I PICKED IT UP--- ONLY TO SEE TWO FIGURES SPILL OUT!
HELP!
I CAUGHT THE LIGHTER OF THE TWO BEFORE IT FELL! I HELD IT GENTLY SO AS NOT TO HARM IT---
OHHH!
I PEERED AT IT CLOSELY--- AND SUDDENLY FOUND THAT I COULD READ ITS MIND, UNDERSTAND ITS LANGUAGE! THAT IS HOW I AM NOW ABLE TO WRITE THIS MESSAGE TO YOU HUMANS IN YOUR OWN LANGUAGE ON THE HARD RIBBON WHICH YOU CALL A ROAD---
YOU---YOU FIEND--- LET---LET GO OF ME!
I WAS DAZED WHEN I COMPREHENDED THE UTTER LOATHING AND HORROR OF ME THAT WAS IN HER MIND! I DROPPED HER THE WAY YOU HUMANS WOULD DROP SOMETHING THAT CAUSED YOU HURT AND PAIN---
OHHH!
BEFORE I HAD READ THE MIND OF THIS HUMAN, I HAD NOT THOUGHT OF HOW I LOOKED---BUT NOW I SAW MYSELF THROUGH HER EYES! THE KNOWLEDGE THAT I WAS HORRIBLE CUT THROUGH ME LIKE A SEARING AGONY, MADE ME FEEL LIKE SOME GIANT OUTCAST---

But then I thought that if I could go to the humans, tell them I came in peace and desired to live with them in friendship, they would accept me as I was···so I strode down the road, looking for a city of humans···but wherever I went, I aroused only **FEAR AND HORROR!**

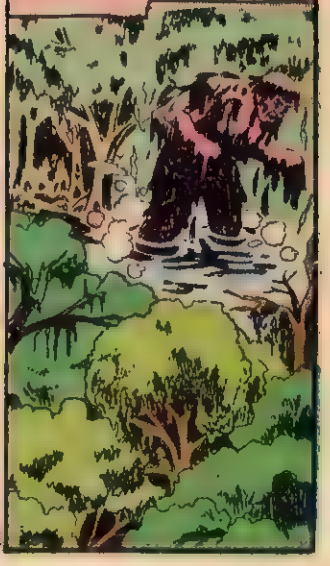
Finally I came upon a town, and tried to tell the humans that I was a friend···but the only sound that came out of me was a great roar! It was then that I knew I was incapable of speech!

Then other humans came, firing little projectiles into my body··· and I reeled back in awful pain, stumbling over something behind me···

Suddenly, sheer agony attacked me! Not knowing the nature of fire, I leaned down to try to drive the flames away··· but only succeeded in spreading the searing pain to my hands!

Maddened with suffering, I fled back to whence I came!

Instinctively, I plunged back into the waters of the swamp from which I had risen···and suddenly the flames were extinguished! But now I knew better than to try to communicate with humans verbally··· I would have to **WRITE** them to let them know I came in friendship!



NOT WISHING TO BE DISTURBED BEFORE I HAD FINISHED MY MESSAGE, I PULLED UP GREAT TRESS AND SLUNG THEM ACROSS THE ROAD TO PREVENT HUMANS FROM GETTING TO ME IN THEIR LITTLE VEHICLES···

THEN, DIPPING MY FINGER INTO THE SWAMP MUD AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD, I KNELT TO WRITE THE EXPLANATION FOR MY EXISTENCE AND ACTIONS···

I AM A THING I KNOW NOT WHA

AND NOW YOU KNOW I COME TO YOU IN FRIENDS HELP ME! LET US LIVE TOG IN PEACE HUMANS

THERE'S THE *THING* WE WERE SUPPOSED TO DESTROY! LET'S DIVE DOWN··· *AND DISH IT OUT!*

FT-552

BRATATATAT

YAAAGH!

LOOK··· IT'S *DISINTEGRATING!* RADIO HEADQUARTERS THAT OUR MISSION IS ACCOMPLISHED··· *THE THING IS DESTROYED!*

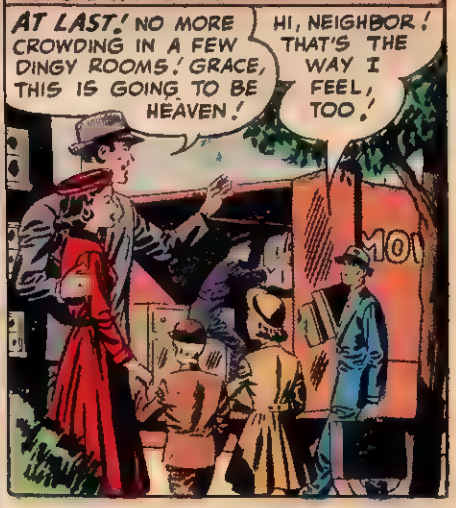
OW YOU O YOU IN FRIE LET US LIVE TOGE IN PEACE, HUMANS

THE END

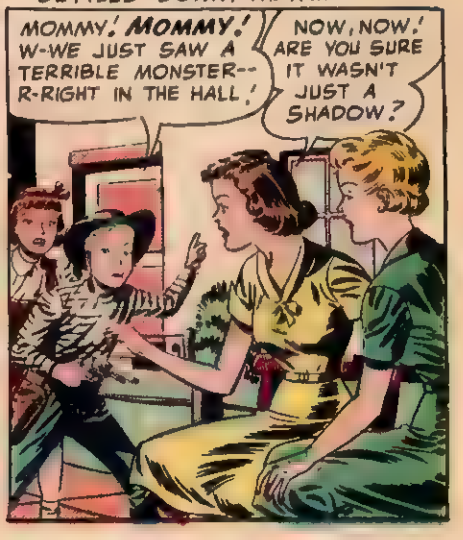
The TERROR of TOTTEN VILLAGE

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ONE THE NATION'S GREAT CITIES ROSE TOTTEN VILLAGE...ACRE UPON ACRE OF SPACIOUS BUILDINGS, GREEN LAWNS, PLAYGROUNDS! A GOOD PLACE TO LIVE, YOU'D SAY--BUT WHO COULD FORESEE THE EVIL THAT CAME OUT OF THE PAST-- THAT BROUGHT AWFUL DEATH AND EMPTIED EVERY ROOM IN A PANIC OF NAMELESS FEAR!

OUR STORY STARTS ON THE DAY TOTTEN VILLAGE IS THROWN OPEN TO ITS FIRST TENANTS! AMONG THEM IS DAN DORIAN, YOUNG HISTORY TEACHER, AND HIS FAMILY...



BUT NO SOONER HAD THEY SETTLED DOWN, THAN...



BUT WE REALLY DID SEE IT, MOMMY!
THAT'S STRANGE! MY CHILDREN HAVE BEEN TELLING ME THE SAME THING!
IT'S ALL OF THEM, MA'AM-- SCREAMIN', CRYIN', TELLIN' STRANGE TALES! I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOT INTO THESE YOUNGSTERS!
EEEEE! HELP!
SEE WHAT I MEAN?... I'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S UP!
THE GUARD RUSHES INSIDE, AND--
GREAT SCOTT! IT'S TRUE!
NO... NO! AAAGHH!
... AND AGAIN...
OOOHH!
AGAIN THAT DAY THE MONSTER STRIKES...
HELP! SAVE ME, SOMEBODY!

THREE PEOPLE GONE TO THEIR DOOM IN ONE DAY! BUT THE ONLY WITNESSES ARE CHILD-REN -- AND WHO WILL BELIEVE A CHILD?
THE CHILDREN SAY IT'S A MONSTER-- BUT I SAY THERE'S A MURDERING MANIAC LOOSE IN THESE BUILDINGS!
SOMETHING'S GOT TO BE DONE!
TAKE IT EASY, FOLKS! MY MEN WILL SEARCH EVERY CORNER OF THIS PLACE!
I'M CLEARING OUT OF HERE! AND I'M NOT COMING BACK TILL THAT MANIAC IS CAUGHT!
ME, TOO!
AND SO BEGINS THE STRANGE EXODUS THAT EMP-TIES EVERY ROOM OF THE HUGE DEVELOPMENT!
BUT DAN DORIAN WONDERS IF THE POLICE ARE ON THE RIGHT TRACK! HIS STUDY OF THE PAST HAS TAUGHT HIM THAT THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM...
I HAVE A THEORY ABOUT THE KILLINGS, GRACE--AND YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME CHECK IT! LET'S LEAVE THE CHILDREN AT YOUR MOTHER'S AND GO DOWN TO THE HISTORICAL LIBRARY.
WHATEVER YOU SAY, DEAR!
AND SO, SOON AFTER...
I THINK WE'LL FIND WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR IN ONE OF THESE!
OLD CITY RECORDS
RUMBLE
R-R
DAN! THAT TERRIBLE STORM-- AND A MINUTE AGO THERE WASN'T A CLOUD IN THE SKY!
CRASH!
LIBRARY
3

GRACE! THIS WAY! THAT LIGHTNING-- STRANGE THE WAY IT TOUCHED OFF THE PLACE!
I--I NEVER SAW ANYTHING BLAZE UP LIKE THAT!
NOW I KNOW I'M RIGHT! SOMETHING OR SOMEONE IS TRYING TO PREVENT US FROM LEARNING THE TRUTH!
LUCKILY, I WAS ABLE TO SAVE THIS BOOK! LET'S DUCK IN HERE FOR A MINUTE!
YES! THIS PROVES MY THEORY! IN 1694, A CERTAIN DAME WHITNEY WAS EXECUTED FOR BEING A WITCH! SHE WAS BURIED WITH A STAKE DRIVEN THROUGH HER HEART-- ON THE VERY SPOT WHERE TOTTEN VILLAGE NOW STANDS!
WHILE EXCAVATING FOR THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE NEW BUILDINGS, THE STAKE MUST HAVE BEEN TORN OUT OF THE WITCH! THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED -- SHE'S BEEN TURNED LOOSE AGAIN!
IT MUST BE SO, DAN! I REMEMBER HEARING ABOUT SEVERAL STRANGE ACCIDENTS WHILE THE BUILDINGS WERE GOING UP!
BUT WHEN DAN TAKES HIS STORY TO THE POLICE...
IT'S TRUE WE HAVEN'T FOUND THE CRIMINAL YET! BUT WITCHCRAFT-- REALLY, MR. DORIAN, YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT IN THIS DAY AND AGE!
HA, HA!
IT'S NO USE, DARLING! WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT THE WITCH ON OUR OWN! I'LL NEED A DAY TO GET READY, AND THEN, IF YOU'LL HELP...
OF COURSE I'LL HELP, DAN! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THIS EVIL THING, BEFORE MORE LIVES ARE LOST!

AND SO, THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, AT TOTTEN VILLAGE...
CAREFUL, GRACE! IF THE POLICE STOP US NOW, THE JIG IS UP!
COME ON! THIS IS OUR CHANCE!
UP THE SILENT, DESERTED STAIRWAY... TO THE ROOF...
YOU GET SET UP IN HERE, GRACE! AND DON'T BE AFRAID--I'LL BE CLOSE BY!
I'M NOT AFRAID, DARLING! LET'S WISH OURSELVES LUCK!
A MOMENT LATER, ON THE ROOF OF A 20TH CENTURY BUILDING, DAN GOES THROUGH THE ANCIENT RITES TO SUMMON A WITCH!
"...AD NOMENIS BEELZEBUB ET SATANUS! O, OMNIPOTEM..."
AND THEN--
YE DARE SUMMON ME, RASH MORTAL?
I DARE--FOR MY POWER OF WIZARDRY IS GREATER THAN YOURS, FOR ALL YOUR SLAYING!
BE YE WARLOCK OR WIZARD--BEWARE!
WE SHALL SOON SEE IF YE INDEED BE VERSED IN THE MYSTERIES!
WAIT! FROM THE FLAMING DEPTHS, I INVOKE THE DREAD ONE!
5

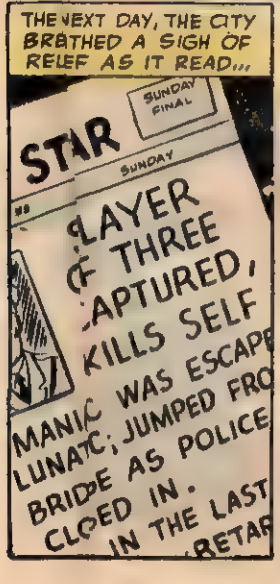
'AAAAH! SATAN--BLACK MASTER OF US ALL!
SHOW HIM YOUR POWERS--SO THAT HE WILL KNOW YOU ARE A TRUE FOLLOWER!
THAT I SHALL!
DOES THIS CHANGE PLEASE YE, O MASTER?
AIEEEE!
CRACK! CRACK!
DAN!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? I OUGHT TO RUN YOU IN FOR--
LOOK!
GOOD HEAVENS! B-BUT I JUST SAW A RAT...!
QUICKLY, DAN TELLS WHAT HAS HAPPENED...
BUT THE APPEARANCE OF SATAN--HOW DID YOU MANAGE THAT?
WITH A REEL OF FILM AND A MOVIE PROJECTOR OPERATED BY MY WIFE!
6

WE'VE NO TIME TO LOSE--WE'VE GOT TO GET THIS AWAY FROM HERE!

FAR, FAR INTO THE NIGHT, DAN AND THE POLICE CHIEF SPEED AWAY WITH THEIR STRANGE TERRIBLE BURDEN...

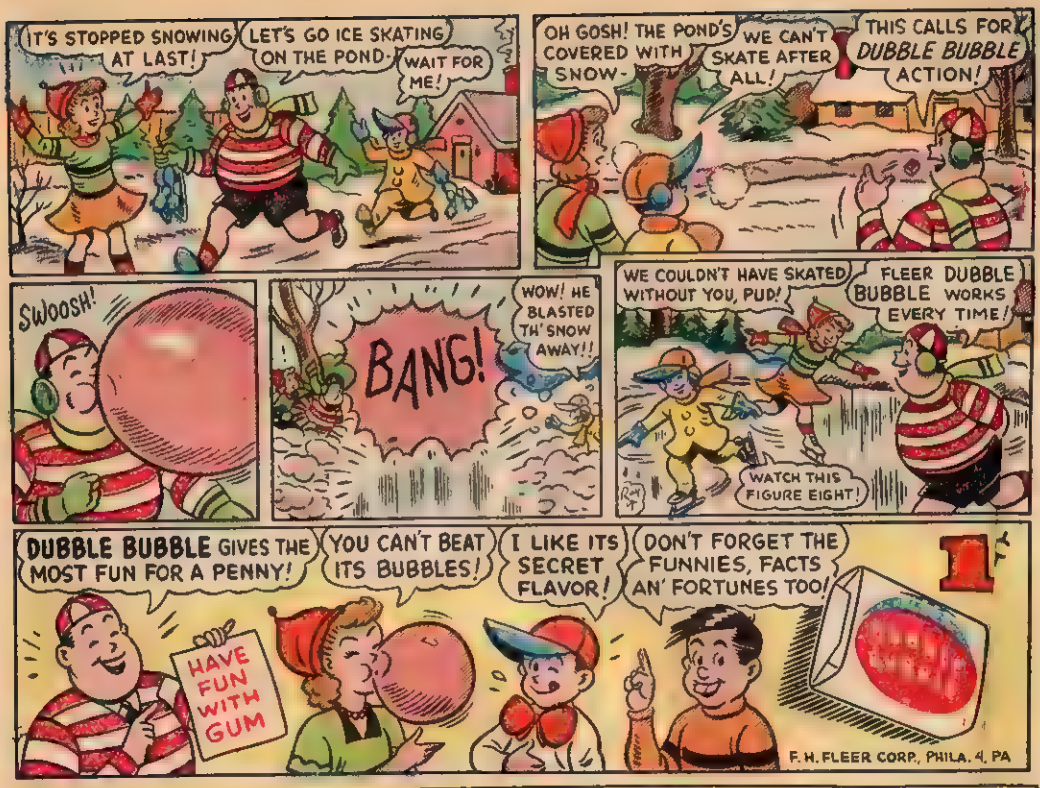
UNTIL, MILES FROM THE CITY...
DEEPER, DAN... DEEPER! SHE MUST NEVER COME BACK!
BAM! BAM!

REMEMBER--NOT A WORD OF THIS MUST GET OUT! WHO WOULD BELIEVE IT? I HATE TO DO IT, BUT I'LL COOK UP A STORY FOR THE PAPERS!


THE NEXT DAY, THE CITY BREATHED A SIGH OF RELEF AS IT READ...
STAR
SUNDAY FINAL
SUNDAY
LAYER OF THREE APTURED, KILLS SELF
MANIC WAS ESCAPE LUNATIC; JUMPED FRO BRIDGE AS POLICE CLOSED IN.
IN THE LAST RETAR

... AND ONCE AGAIN TOTTEN VILLAGE BECAME A GOOD PLACE TO LIVE!

BUT YOU AND I KNOW THE TRUTH, READER! SO, IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO LIVE, LOOK WELL INTO THE RECORD OF THE PAST--LEST YOU SET EVIL LOOSE UPON THE WORLD AGAIN!
FOR SALE
FINE SITE FOR HOUSES OR APARTMENT BUILDINGS--WILL BUILD TO SUIT
THE END
7



For recommended reading...

AMERICAN COMICS GROUP!

AMERICAN COMICS GROUP ACG

Romantic Adventures
Lovelorn
Out of the Night
Funny Films
The Kilroys
Cooke
Forbidden Worlds
Adventures into the Unknown!
Giggle
Ha Ha

They're the terrific ten...
THE GREATEST GROUP of HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!

AMERICAN COMICS GROUP ACG

READ THEM AL ..REGULARLY.
Read AMERICAN!

CONDEMNED TO WANDER ETERNALLY THROUGH THE TRACKLESS WASTES OF THE DESERT, TO KNOW ONLY BURNING SUNS, ETERNAL THIRST AND MADDENING MIRAGES -- THIS WAS THE GRIM FATE OF--

The CURSED CARAVAN!

NEXT MOMENT--
DESERT THIEVES! FLEE!
MAY THE PROPHET HAVE MERCY!
BUT AS THE SPEEDY PURSUERS OVERTOOK THE HEAVILY BURDENED CARAVAN--
KILL! KILL!
AAGH!
AFTER THE CARNAGE--
THESE WE CAN SELL AS SLAVES, MIGHTY BIRSHEM!
WHILE THEY HAVE TONGUES TO TALK, THEY CAN GIVE EVIDENCE AGAINST US! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!
NO! PLEASE!
SILENCE HER!
MONTHS LATER--
WE HAVE BEEN IN IDLENESS TOO LONG! BRING YOU NO NEWS OF CARAVANS DEPARTING FROM BAGDAD!
ALL IS SILENCE AND SECRECY THERE, GREAT ONE! CARAVAN LEADERS SPEAK NOT--FOR ALL FEAR THE EARS OF THOSE LIKE US, WHO MAY WAYLAY THEM IN THE DESERT!
I HAVE HEARD OF BUT ONE EXPEDITION, MASTER--THAT OF A GROUP OF HOLY MEN WHO DEPART FOR FAR-OFF SHRINES! BUT THEY ARE NOT FIT PREY, OF COURSE!
SO SPEAK YOU, FOOL! HOLY MEN WILL BE CARRYING MUCH GOLD AND SILVER--AND I FEAR THEM NOT! GO--LEARN THEIR EXACT MOVEMENTS!
AND SO, SOON AFTERWARDS--
LOOK, VENERABLE ONE--MARAUDERS!
FEAR NOT! I SHALL SPEAK WITH THEM!
2

YOU CHOOSE NOT TO DEFEND YOURSELVES, OLD MAN? THEN YOU SHALL DIE THE SOONER!
WOULD YOU THUS PROVOKE THE GODS? RASH ONE--YOU WOULD NOT DARE HARM A SINGLE ONE OF US!
NO? HA-HA! KILL THEM-- ALL!
OH-HHH!
THAT NIGHT, IN THE SLEEPING CAMP OF BIRSHEM, A GRIM GROUP OF SPECTERS APPEARED --THEIR EYES GLOWING WITH THE BLANK STARE OF DEATH--
AVENGE YOURSELVES, POOR VICTIMS--LET THEM KNOW YOUR COLD AND GRISLY TOUCH! BUT LEAVE THE LEADER FOR ME!
WHEN THE MURDEROUS THIEVES AWOKE--IT WAS TO FACE THE AWFUL VENGEANCE OF THE BEYOND!
NO--NO-- ARRRGH!
YOU-- MUST-- DIE!
IN THE TENT OF BIRSHEM--
YOU MUST PAY FOR YOUR CRIME--THE EXTREME PENALTY!
YOU'LL NEVER GET --! AGH-- MY SWORD IS USELESS!
THIS, BIRSHEM-- IS BUT THE BEGINNING!
AI-EEE!
CRACK!
3
THE EXECUTION WAS INSTANTANEOUS! THEN, AS BIRSHEM'S SPIRIT ROSE TO THE OLD MAN'S COMMANDS--
REST SHALL NEVER BE YOURS, MONSTER! I CONDEMN YOU TO ETERNAL WANDERING IN THE DESERT--WITH ALL YOUR MEN AND BEASTS! FOREVER SHALL YOU KNOW THE BITING SANDS ON YOUR TONGUE--AND THE NIGHT FROSTS AFTER THE BURNING DAYS! GO--FOR THERE IS NO APPEAL!
THUS IT WAS--300 YEARS AGO! AND EVEN TODAY, THOSE WHOSE PATHS RANGE OFF BEATEN DESERT ROUTES HAVE SEEN--
COMMANDANT--LOOK! THAT CARAVAN!
DO NOT ADVANCE, FOOL--THEY ARE ALL DEAD! COME, LET US HASTEN FROM THIS CURSED SPOT!
THE END

OUT of the NIGHT.. TO YOU!

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT the dying year that puts us in just the proper mood for our favorite reading. Call us peculiar, but we like nothing better than to draw up before a glowing fire with a chilling yarn. Generally, we'll listen for the wail of the forlorn wind outside, sighing like the moan of the dead through the bare branches which lash against our shutters. And if we've got a mind to look out the window, we're *glad* to see black, ominous clouds scudding swiftly before the pale and wintry moon. Then, making sure that the door is bolted securely, we'll settle down in a deep chair, and read long past the time the grandfather clock has tolled midnight through the empty house.

If *you've* got the same turn of mind, no doubt you've found *"Out Of The Night"* exactly to your taste. Our writers and artists are dedicated to their work, and nothing pleases *them* more than a tale that makes them tremble. Of course, we've never gone in for pointless and senseless terror. That gets boring anyhow. No, the tale's the thing, and we've got a series of humdingers in store for you.

Does the title *"Music For The Dead"* intrigue you? It should. And if while you're reading it you hear the plaintive notes of a far-off flute, there's just one thing to do...*run! "I Am A Thing"* is one of the most unusual stories we've ever published, with chills and thrills galore. You'll meet a fearful menace from the beyond in *"The Terror of Totten Village"*, a story calculated to hold you eerily spellbound. *"The Cursed Caravan"* packs a fearful wallop, wherein you'll learn the awful meaning of supernatural vengeance. *"Out Of The Past"* involves a power-mad scientist, whose evil brain created a thing no man could control.

We think you'll like these stories, but there's only one way we can know for *sure:* by your *writing* us. Remember, your letters go far in shaping the policy of this magazine. Do you have a favorite type of yarn you haven't been getting lately? By all means let us know! Just write to The Editor, *"Out Of The Night"*, 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. We'll publish your comments as soon as possible. And now, let's pull a few letters out of the mail pouch:

"Dear Editor:

All the stories in 'Out Of The Night' are exceptionally weird and interesting. I like best those which deal with visits to other worlds, full of adventure and eerie escapes from supernatural monsters!'

--Richard Vottech, Chicago, Ill."

"Dear Editor:-

I have just finished reading your comic book 'Out Of The Night'. All I can say is that it is so interesting I'll be sure to read every one from now on. Please keep up the good work.

--E. M. Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada"

"Dear Editor:-

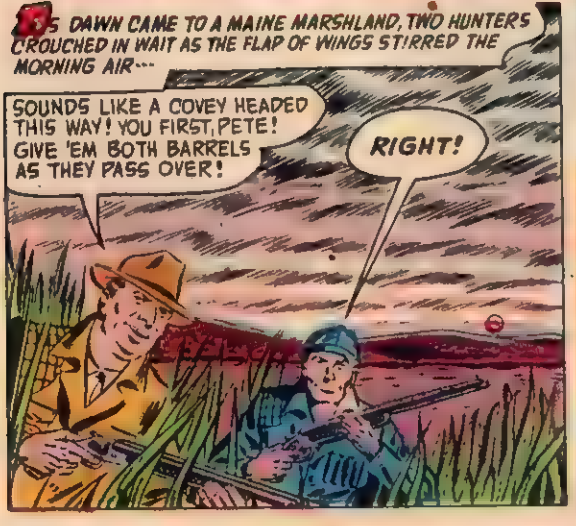
I'm only ten years old, but I want you to know that I enjoy reading 'Out Of The Night' very much.

--Susan Cummings, Loves Park, Ill."

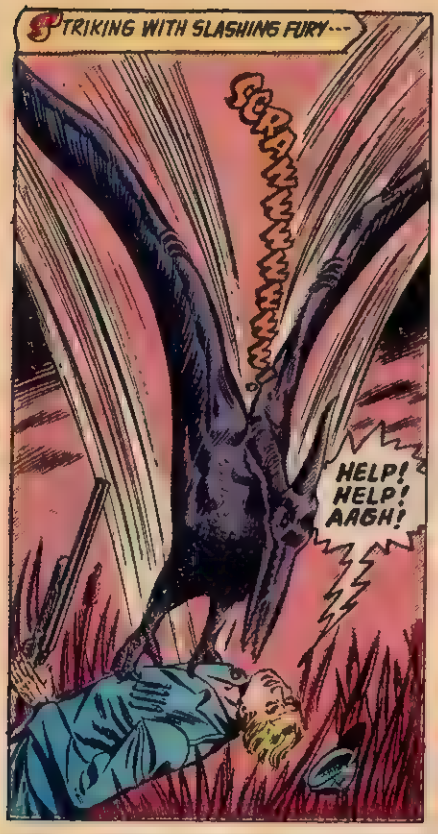
THERE COULD BE NO EXPLANATION---EXCEPT THAT NATURE ITSELF HAD RUN AMUCK! HOW ELSE TO EXPLAIN THE GHASTLY THREAT TO MANKIND WHICH CAME FROM---

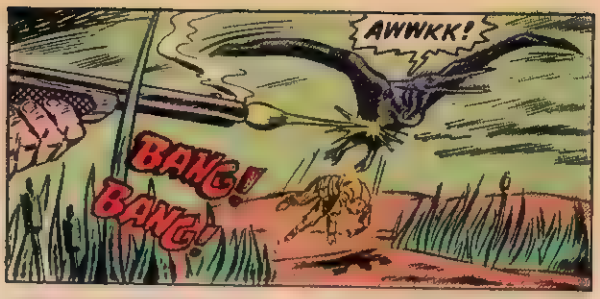
OUT of tha PAST!

AS DAWN CAME TO A MAINE MARSHLAND, TWO HUNTERS CROUCHED IN WAIT AS THE FLAP OF WINGS STIRRED THE MORNING AIR---



BUT AS PETE BROKE FROM COVER AND TOOK AIM---


STRIKING WITH SLASHING FURY---
SCRAAWWWKKK!
HELP! HELP! AAGH!

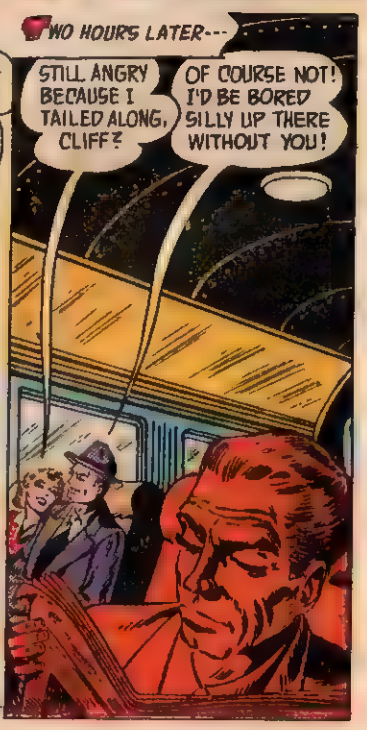

AWWKK!
BANG!
BANG!

IT---GOT PETE! THE BLASTED, DEVILISH THING KILLED HIM! BUT W---WHAT COULD IT BE? WHERE DID IT COME FROM?

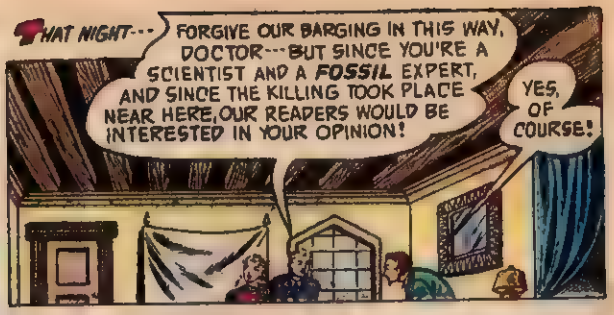
LATER, IN THE NEW YORK OFFICES OF THE DAILY GLOBE---
COME OFF IT, MAC! AN OLD TIME CITY EDITOR LIKE YOU FALLING FOR A YARN ABOUT A PRE-HISTORIC MONSTER! SOON THEY'LL BE SAYING IT FELL FROM A FLYING SAUCER!
IS THAT SO, SONNY BOY? THEN GET THIS!

ACCORDING TO THE WIRE DISPATCH, AN EMINENT SCIENTIST HAS JUST EXAMINED THE DEAD BIRD! IT'S A PTERODACTYL---OR IN BASIC ENGLISH, A FLYING REPTILE!
BUT---THEY LIVED MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO!

GAIL'S RIGHT! THOSE THINGS HAVE BEEN EXTINCT FOR AGES! EXPLAIN THAT!
THAT'S YOUR JOB, M'BOY! GRAB YOUR TOOTH-BRUSH AND TAKE THE NEXT PLANE FOR MAINE! AND BRING ME BACK A STORY!


TWO HOURS LATER---
STILL ANGRY BECAUSE I TAILED ALONG, CLIFF?
OF COURSE NOT! I'D BE BORED SILLY UP THERE WITHOUT YOU!

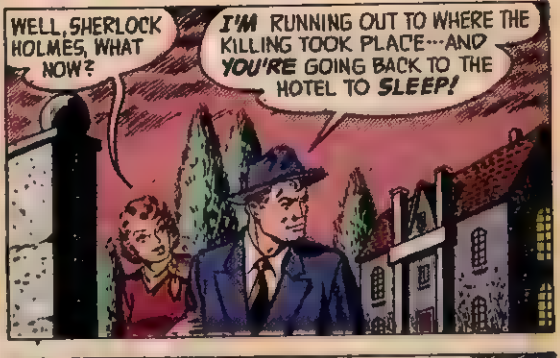
THEN YOU DON'T THINK THERE'S MUCH OF A STORY?
NOT UNLESS THE WHOLE WORLD'S GONE BACKWARD! BUT I'LL GET A YARN OUT OF THIS THE MINUTE WE ARRIVE, SOMEHOW! WE'RE GOING TO SEE A DOCTOR WHITNEY CRAVEN!

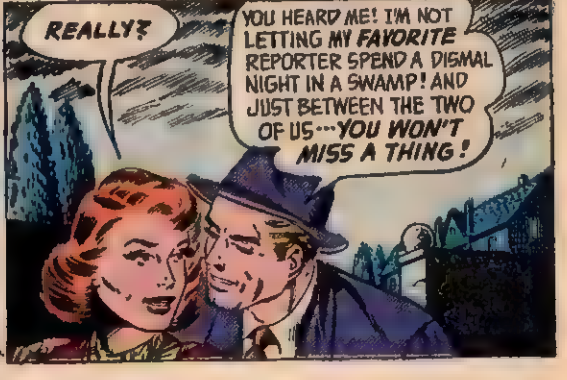

THAT NIGHT···
FORGIVE OUR BARGING IN THIS WAY, DOCTOR···BUT SINCE YOU'RE A SCIENTIST AND A FOSSIL EXPERT, AND SINCE THE KILLING TOOK PLACE NEAR HERE, OUR READERS WOULD BE INTERESTED IN YOUR OPINION!
YES, OF COURSE!

ALTHOUGH IT'S A PITY THAT POOR CHAP WAS KILLED, THE GREATER LOSS IS THAT THE PTERODACTYL DIED TOO! ALIVE, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A GREAT SCIENTIFIC FIND!

SUDDENLY···
SOUNDS LIKE AN ANIMAL IN PAIN!
GREAT GUNS ···WHAT'S THAT?
IT'S A LARGE MASTIFF I'VE BEEN USING IN MY EXPERIMENTS! BUT HE ISN'T IN PAIN···MERELY HUNGRY!
GROWW!

IF YOU DON'T MIND, I MUST GO BELOW AND FEED HIM!
SURE, DOCTOR! THANKS FOR YOUR HELP!


WELL, SHERLOCK HOLMES, WHAT NOW?
I'M RUNNING OUT TO WHERE THE KILLING TOOK PLACE···AND YOU'RE GOING BACK TO THE HOTEL TO SLEEP!


REALLY?
YOU HEARD ME! I'M NOT LETTING MY FAVORITE REPORTER SPEND A DISMAL NIGHT IN A SWAMP! AND JUST BETWEEN THE TWO OF US···YOU WON'T MISS A THING!

I'LL FEEL A LOT BETTER KNOWING SHE'S SAFE IN BED---BECAUSE SOMETHING'S GOING ON AT CRAVEN'S PLACE THAT'S FISHY! AND I INTEND TO FIND OUT WHAT!
HOTEL CLIFTON
NO POINT IN ASKING MORE QUESTIONS! I'LL JUST LOOK AROUND FOR A CONVIENIENT BASEMENT WINDOW AND LET MYSELF IN!
THERE SHE GOES! NOW TO SQUEEZE IN QUIETLY---
SQUEAK!
INSIDE THE DARK BASEMENT---
SO FAR SO GOOD! NOW FOR A LITTLE EXPLORING!
CAUTIOUSLY, CLIFF TIPTOED DOWN A TOMB-LIKE CORRIDOR---EACH STEP BRINGING HIM CLOSER AND CLOSER TO A SHADOWY DOORWAY!
BUT AS HE CROSSED THE THRESHOLD---
GROWWR!
THEN---
NO! N--NO!

---A SIGHT OF **UNBELIEVABLE HORROR!**

GROWRRRR!

IT'S---**IMPOSSIBLE! A PREHISTORIC MAN!** A THING FROM---**OUT OF THE PAST!**

AND **I** HAVE BROUGHT IT BACK! A REMARKABLE FEAT, DON'T YOU THINK?

BUT IT--- **CAN'T** BE! IT'S SOME KIND OF **HOAX!**

FOOL, **LOOK** AT THAT BRUTE! THE SLANTED BROW, THE PIGGISH EYES---THE TRUE CHARACTERISTICS OF PREHISTORIC MEN ARE ALL THERE! BUT **HE** DIDN'T COME FROM THE PAST! NO, **HE IS MY CREATION!**

THEY SNEERED AT MY THEORIES--- THE FOOLS! IT WAS MERELY A MATTER OF **REVERSING THE EVOLUTIONARY PROCESS**, AND MY SERUM SUCCEEDED BEYOND MY WILDEST HOPES!

Y---YOU MEAN--- THAT CREATURE WAS ONCE A MAN LIKE **US?**

EXACTLY! YOU WOULDN'T THINK IT TO LOOK AT HIM NOW, BUT HE IS MARK JENNINGS, MY FORMER ASSISTANT! WHEN I SUCCEEDED WITH THE PTERODACTYL, THE **NEXT** STEP HAD TO BE **MAN!** MARK WAS **HANDY!**

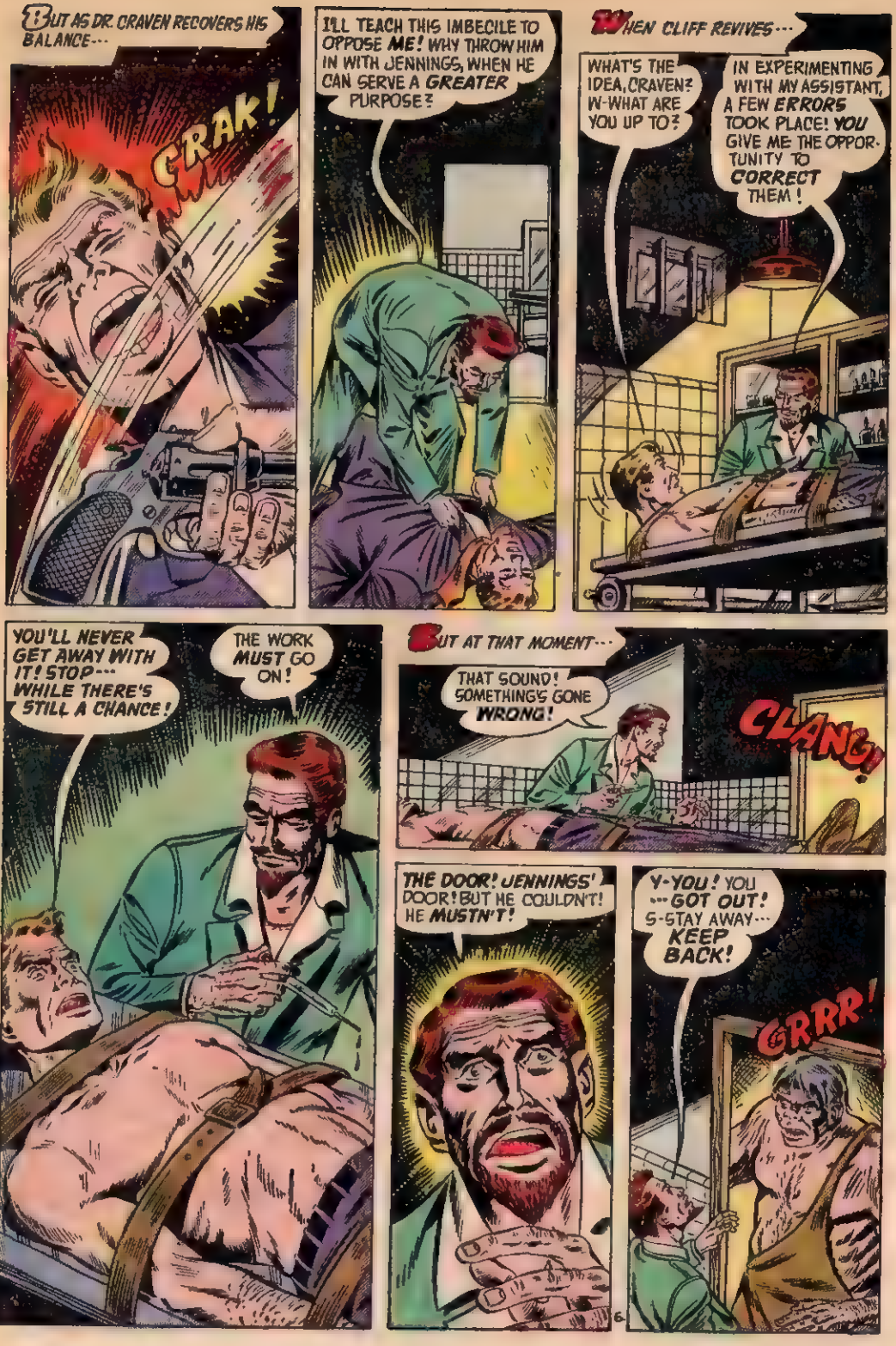
YOU'RE **MAD**, CRAVEN---AND **ROTTEN TO THE CORE!**

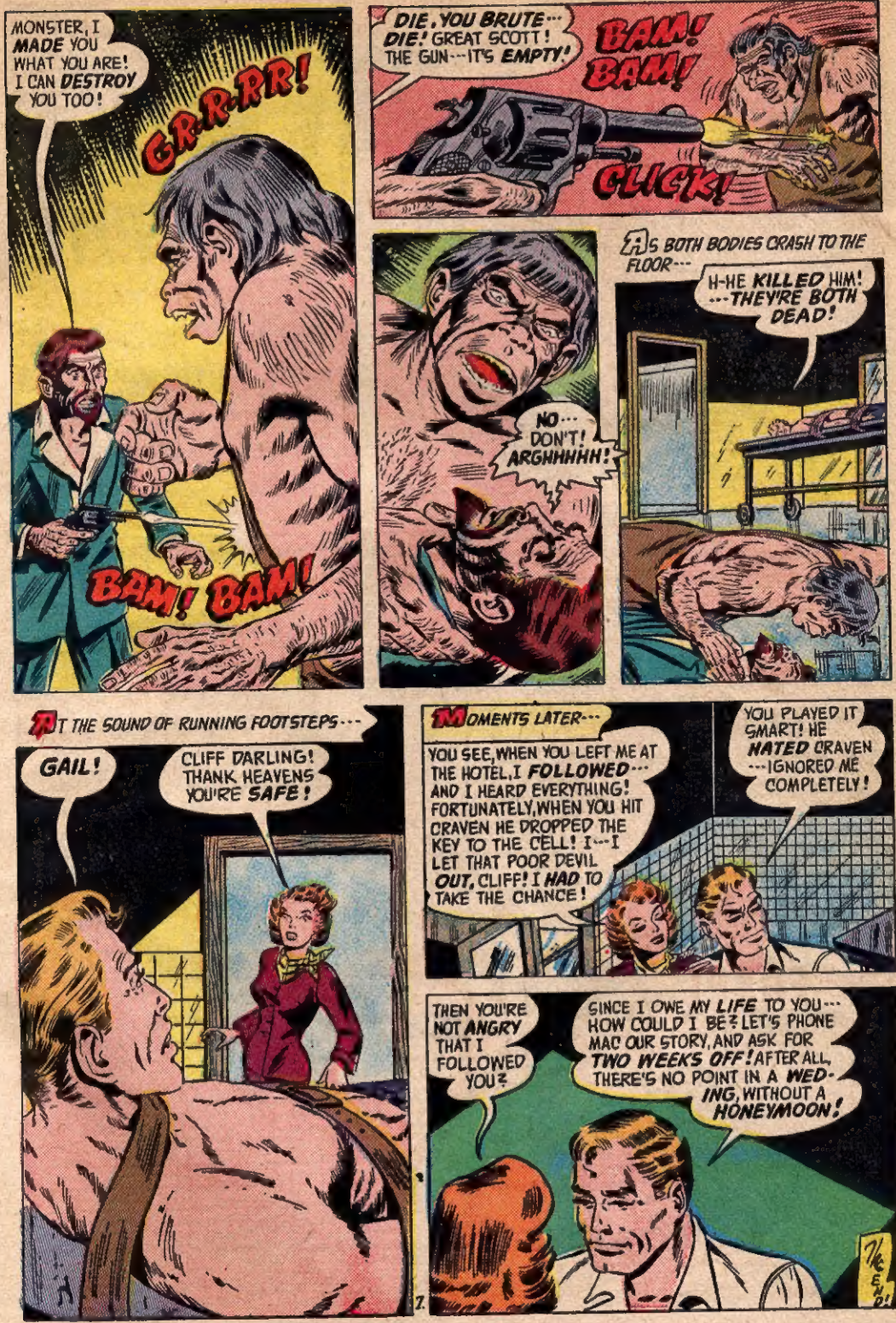
FOOLHARDY WORDS! HMM, I WONDER HOW LONG YOU'D LAST IF I PUT YOU IN WITH **HIM?** TEN SECONDS---FIFTEEN---TWENTY?

YOU'RE WAY OFF, CRAVEN---

---BECAUSE I'M **NOT** GOING IN!

POW!


BUT AS DR. CRAVEN RECOVERS HIS BALANCE···
CRAK!
I'LL TEACH THIS IMBECILE TO OPPOSE ME! WHY THROW HIM IN WITH JENNINGS, WHEN HE CAN SERVE A GREATER PURPOSE?
WHEN CLIFF REVIVES···
WHAT'S THE IDEA, CRAVEN? W-WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?
IN EXPERIMENTING WITH MY ASSISTANT, A FEW ERRORS TOOK PLACE! YOU GIVE ME THE OPPORTUNITY TO CORRECT THEM!
YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT! STOP··· WHILE THERE'S STILL A CHANCE!
THE WORK MUST GO ON!
BUT AT THAT MOMENT···
THAT SOUND! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG!
CLANG!
THE DOOR! JENNINGS' DOOR! BUT HE COULDN'T! HE MUSTN'T!
Y-YOU! YOU ···GOT OUT! S-STAY AWAY··· KEEP BACK!
GRRR!
6


MONSTER, I MADE YOU WHAT YOU ARE! I CAN DESTROY YOU TOO!
GR-R-RR!
BAM! BAM!
DIE, YOU BRUTE··· DIE! GREAT SCOTT! THE GUN···IT'S EMPTY!
BAM! BAM!
CLICK!
NO··· DON'T! ARGHHHHH!
AS BOTH BODIES CRASH TO THE FLOOR···
H-HE KILLED HIM! ···THEY'RE BOTH DEAD!
AT THE SOUND OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS···
GAIL!
CLIFF DARLING! THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE SAFE!
MOMENTS LATER···
YOU SEE, WHEN YOU LEFT ME AT THE HOTEL, I FOLLOWED··· AND I HEARD EVERYTHING! FORTUNATELY, WHEN YOU HIT CRAVEN HE DROPPED THE KEY TO THE CELL! I···I LET THAT POOR DEVIL OUT, CLIFF! I HAD TO TAKE THE CHANCE!
YOU PLAYED IT SMART! HE HATED CRAVEN ···IGNORED ME COMPLETELY!
THEN YOU'RE NOT ANGRY THAT I FOLLOWED YOU?
SINCE I OWE MY LIFE TO YOU··· HOW COULD I BE? LET'S PHONE MAC OUR STORY, AND ASK FOR TWO WEEKS OFF! AFTER ALL, THERE'S NO POINT IN A WEDDING, WITHOUT A HONEYMOON!
THE END!

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"Hey YOU SKINNY You look like SOMETHING THE CAT DRAGGED IN!"

the boys yelled as I dragged myself into the gym, says Jowett Pupil, Gleason R. Cleveland. Then I gained 70 lbs. and made the football team.

CLEVELAND BEFORE 90 lb. Skeleton

GLEASON CLEVELAND AFTER JOWETT TRAINING 160 lbs. of Muscle

Now wouldn't YOU Like To Have A New Body Like Mine? I added **7** INCHES to my **CHEST** **3½** INCHES to each **ARM** and to the rest of my body in proportion as YOU can. Yours

John Sill UTAH

Let's go, young fellow, Now YOU give me **10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR HOME** LIKE SLIM JOHN SILL DID and I'll give YOU a New HE-MAN BODY as I gave MANY Thousands like You

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are. I'll make you OVER by the SAME method I turned myself from a wreck to the strongest of the strong. Why can't I do for you what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows like You?

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to your ARMS and CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.

ONLY MY 5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER SYSTEM BUILDS YOU 5-WAYS FAST SO YOU SAVE YEARS AND DOLLARS !

GEORGE F. JOWETT "Champion of Champions" 4 times Winner Perfect Man Contest

like John BECOME A MOVIE STAR HE-MAN

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

Come on, PAL, NOW YOU do as I did in 10 EASY MINUTES of FUN a day Get a NEW HE-MAN BODY For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME!

I GAINED 60 LBS. of SHAPELY MIGHTY MUSCLES

Mail the "ALL-FREE" coupon get this "AMAZING "SECRETS" Photo Book while you can.

FREE!

FREE while they last !

This Book will also show You HOW YOU CAN WIN $100.00 and A BIG 15" tall SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It) as I have just done.

You'll LOOK like A Real HE-MAN! *WIN WOMEN AND MEN FRIENDS*

You'll FEEL like A Real HE-MAN! Full of New Strength and Self-Confidence

You'll ACT like A Real HE-MAN! Win in Sports! Win Promotion, Praise, Popularity. Make More Money.

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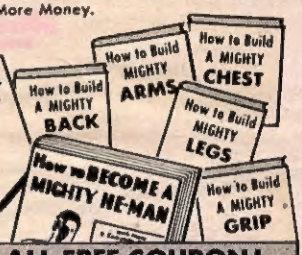

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